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## POETRY.

### COMMUNICATED.

#### FAITH.

FAITH is a holy principle  
And high-born gift of God,  
Arm of the gentle star of hope,  
That points the heavenly road.

Faith marked the visit of the pure  
And spotless Son of Man,  
Who left the blissful courts of God  
To work redemption's plan.

And thus in faith he bids us trace  
The promise he has given  
Of unmeasured peace on earth  
And bliss unmeasured in heaven.

Yes, 'twas for faith's unerring eye,  
In visions pure to scan,  
These Christian promises divine,  
Were left for mortal man.

Thus may they prove an index sure  
To point, thro' Jesus blood,  
To scenes where doubts may not intrude,  
The City of our God.

There the sweet rays of faith and hope  
That light our earthly way,  
Will be forever swallowed up  
In beams of perfect day.

NARCISSE.  
Middle Island, Va., 1852.

From Gleason's Drawing Room Companion.

### MY FATHER'S BIBLE.

BY REV. HENRY DYER.

Flow on, sweet tears! I needs must weep,  
For memory calls from fountains deep,  
That treasure store of holy tears  
The heart hath garnered up for years!

Now I behold  
My father's Bible; his of yore,  
Than mine of gold  
He prized it more!

When grief oppressed, and crushing care,  
When death had nipped our loved and fair;  
And dark misfortune's heavy hand  
Was laid upon our little band

In painful loss,  
He then would read what Jesus bore  
Upon the Cross—  
We wept no more!

When pleasure spread her flowery maze,  
To lure our feet from virtue's ways;  
And sin, with fall, invidious art,  
Wove fatal spells to snare the heart,

This truthful page  
Our doubting footsteps onward bore  
Through every stage,  
Till doubt was o'er.

When called to seek the distant west,  
I craved a father's last behest;  
Mid parting pang we scarce could brook,  
"Take this," said he, "this blessed old book,

So long, long mine,  
And though I give no other store,  
"Thy wealth divine,  
Prize nothing more!

"Long hast thou known a father's care,  
Shared daily in his fervent prayer,  
But now we part—go, go, my child!"  
He could no more, but wept, yet smiled,

As pointing still  
To this old book, when through the door  
I passed the sill,  
Crossed nevermore!

Now moonbeams sleep upon his grave,  
And passive willows o'er him wave;  
No more from death's repose to wake,  
To plead with man for Jesus sake

His sins forbear;  
O, as I turn these pages o'er,  
Than jewels rare,  
I prize them more!

When death would fight the timid soul  
With coffin, shroud, the grave's dark goal;  
The parting hour, the dying groan,  
A world unseen, a fate unknown;

A light from thee,  
Thou Book of books, doth round me pour,  
Death's shadows flee—  
Life evermore!

Thou 'rt dingy now, and sadly worn,  
With crumpled leaves, and binding torn;  
Thy value others may not see,  
But thou art priceless wealth to me!

Shrined in my heart  
Shall be thy memory and thy lore,  
My soul's best chart,  
Forevermore!

When we are young, we are slavishly  
Employed in procuring some-  
thing whereby we may live comfort-  
ably when we grow old; and when  
we grow old we perceive it is too late  
to live as we proposed.—Pope.

Anger is the most impotent passion  
that accompanies the mind of man.  
It effects nothing it goes about; and  
hurts the man who is possessed by  
it more than any other against whom  
it is directed.—Clarendon.

Do not accustom yourself to swear-  
ing. There are words enough in the  
English language sufficiently expres-  
sive of all your passions.

## FROM CALIFORNIA.

From the Pittsburgh Daily Dispatch.  
We are favored with permission to  
publish the following extracts from  
a late letter from California:

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.,  
June 15, 1853.

Dear Brother:—You  
give your reasons for not coming to  
California. They are, I think, good enough,  
and am glad that you came to that  
conclusion. Although the chances are  
on the decline here for making  
money, the majority are fairly remu-  
nerated for their labor—especially  
since the settling of the Summer sea-  
son. I heard a few days ago of a  
man depositing thirty thousand dol-  
lars in a bank, the proceeds of ten  
months labor for himself and son; he  
paid for the claim (I think it was stat-  
ed) five hundred dollars. Such in-  
stances of good fortune do sometimes  
occur, but they are extremely rare;  
indeed there are thousands in this  
city who would rather return to the  
States to work for one dollar per day  
than go back to the mines, having  
tried and failed so often—but they  
made too extravagant calculations  
before they left home.

A man, for instance, leaves his wife  
and family, intending to return in two  
years with ten thousand dollars. He  
goes to the mines, buys a pick, shovel,  
and some mining tools, perhaps—buys  
himself a tent and buys some food  
cooking utensils. Cooks his own  
supper, spreads his blanket on the  
ground (in most instances) and sleeps  
well, owing to the salubrity of the  
climate and a previous preparation  
for a hard bed from a long sea voy-  
age, especially if he had the misfor-  
tune of being obliged to take a steer-  
age. He awakes refreshed—perhaps  
he dreamed of big lumps of gold.  
He goes in search of his fortunes in  
good spirits. He meets a man—

"Good morning, friend; can you  
tell me where I can find a claim that  
will pay ten or twelve dollars per  
day?"

"Just come, ain't ye?"

"Yes, I am a stranger to this gold-  
digging."

"Left a family at home, I suppose?"

"Yes, I left a wife and two daugh-  
ters."

"More's the pity. I was just such  
a fool. I have a wife and eight chil-  
dren (God bless them), in Maine. I  
expected to return in at most two  
years, with something handsome, but  
lo! I have been toiling since '49 and  
have not more than supported my  
family. I intend to return so soon as  
I make five hundred dollars, and spend  
the remainder of my days along with  
my wife and little ones."

Here the miner, although of strong  
nerve, can hold out no more. He  
weeps. The "new-comer" passes  
on. He meets a young man:

"I say, my young friend, where  
can I find a claim that pays ten or  
twelve dollars per day?"

"Ten or twelve dollars per day? Why,  
you are crazy, or have just ar-  
rived. If I knew where I could  
make five dollars per day, I would  
not tell any living man! I tell you  
stranger, you will have to dig holes  
and wash a pan of dirt occasionally,  
you know, to see when you come to  
the lead, if there should be any, and  
I have known 'new comers' to hit it  
right off."

"How deep must I dig?"

"Will depend on where it is. Just  
here we have to dig only about six-  
teen feet—some places fifty feet, and  
some places on yon hill they have to  
dig one hundred and fifty feet."

"I suppose they always strike the  
lead then, do they not?"

"Not always. I have dug several  
and have never found anything of any  
consequence; yet some of my neigh-  
bors have done very well. Dr. James,  
the Crawford, and some others from  
Pennsylvania, struck a lead some  
time ago, have done very well. I am  
told, and have gone home; and I am  
in hopes I shall hit it too, bye and  
bye. Cheer up, my good friend! I  
there is no use in being discouraged.  
I have been here since '50, have had  
hard luck compared to many, ha! not  
a cent, but am still in hopes."

"You are a single man I suppose?"

"Yes, I am single, and fortunate it  
is, too, for I should have broken my  
heart ere this, if I had a family de-  
pending on my scanty earnings. I  
was about to be married to a sweet  
girl 'down East,' before I left, but I  
chose rather to try my 'luck' in Cal-  
ifornia before getting married, for I  
could not think of leaving a young  
wife behind; and I tell you, friend,  
I was too poor to bring up both. But  
I shall make a big 'strike' bye and  
bye, and then my good friend, I shall  
take the first steamer for home, but  
to return with my dear Sally. Suc-  
cess to you, stranger."

The miner goes to his work. The  
stranger passes on musing, and meets

another long-bearded and roughly  
clad man.

"Good morning, sir; delightful  
weather in this country!"

"Yes, bad as the country is, I must  
confess it is a fine climate. I have  
been sleeping under the shades of yon  
tree, now, for several months, and I  
feel just as well as I ever felt in all  
my life."

"Don't you catch cold?"

"I have once or twice, when it has  
rained unexpectedly, which is very  
seldom in this country, except in win-  
ter. I roll myself up in my blankets,  
put my head on a log, or some eleva-  
tion on the ground, and sleep as sound-  
ly as if I was at home in Pittsburgh,  
in bed with my wife, buried in feath-  
ers. I tell you, stranger, this is a  
trango country. Just come from the  
States, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir, just arrived."

"I thought so; your clothes and  
shaven face are unmistakable evi-  
dence of this; although there is an  
improvement, since we have had preach-  
ing among us, and some ladies have  
arrived. Why, I have not shaved for  
four years and I never intend to in  
this country. Every Sunday I wash  
my shirts and socks, and mend my  
clothes—but I shall leave this misera-  
ble land of disappointment as soon  
as possible. You think to make your  
pile soon, I suppose? Well, I hope  
you may, friend; but I am very much  
afraid that, if you have a family, they  
will suffer as mine have done since I  
left them in '49. Good-bye stranger."

The miner takes to his 'Long Tom,'  
the stranger still goes on, with his  
pick and shovel on his shoulder and  
pan under his arm, and walks up to  
a claim where two men are hard at  
work.

"Hallo, Sam!"

"Hallo! why, is it possible, Jem-  
my! is it you? How is your family?  
Is Nancy well?"

"All well, and sent their love to  
you—provided I saw you, but I never  
expected to see you here—I thought  
you were further up in the moun-  
tains."

"Well, I was—but last winter I  
left, on account of the scarcity of  
provisions, and stopped here—and I  
have reason to be thankful to a kind  
Providence for directing my steps  
hither."

"How have you done, Sam?"

"Well, I can't complain; I have  
not been so fortunate as some, but  
have done better than many. I made  
money up at Shasta, and am doing  
pretty well at present—making about  
six dollars a day.... But now, in ear-  
nest, Jemmy, does your Nancy love  
me?"

"I know she does, Sam!"

"Well, then, take my claim, and  
work it until I return—I am bound  
to go home and be married, for I  
have been a bachelor quite long  
enough."

The young man leaves, with a good  
share of the "ore," goes home, mar-  
ries Nancy, and returns to his adopt-  
ed State, with his mother and sister  
also. The family arrived at Panama  
in good health, embarked for San  
Francisco, have a long and sickly  
passage, and land here very much en-  
feebled. They leave for the mines,  
join the husband, father and father-in-  
law, in the same old claim, working  
hard, but doing well—a joyful time.  
But the daughters complain of the  
society; the mother is shocked at the  
profanity and vicious habits of those  
around her—she prays that the Lord  
would turn the tide of iniquity; the  
father and the daughters, as they were  
accustomed to do at home, pray; a  
family altar is reared, and oh! what  
holy incense arises from that altar  
morning and evening! The preacher  
visits, their home is made a chapel,  
sinners are converted, and who can  
tell the amount of good accomplish-  
ed from this one family's visit to the  
land! The gambler leaves his cards  
and dice for the pick and shovel; the  
vender of intoxicating drinks quits  
his unholy traffic; the drunkard his  
cups, and the vicious man his sins.

I might continue to this picture Cal-  
ifornia life, and I might bring before  
your view many pleasing incidents,  
drawn from real life; were I to reverse  
the picture, it would be as black as the  
nethermost hell. But I have not time,  
nor space, nor inclination, at present,  
to dwell upon such scenes—at some fu-  
ture day I may draw the picture.

A fortnight since I accidentally met  
with Thomas—, on his way home  
to the States. He gave me a brief  
history of his life since he left D—.  
After he had traveled to his satisfaction,  
teaching the broadsword exercise, he  
settled down in Wisconsin, by taking  
to himself a wife from Williamsport,  
and keeping a hotel, I think in Dodge-  
ville. He has had three children, all  
of whom he has buried. His wife is  
now at her parents' house in William-  
sion, where he expects to meet her,  
and return again to his house in Wis-  
consin. He has a handsome little prop-  
erty there, consisting of a tavern and a

farm—tavern-keeping, it seems, being  
his occupation. He has buried his father;  
his mother is still alive, whose sup-  
port he cared for prior to his leaving  
for this State. Dick made considerable  
in California, (by tavern-keeping, I be-  
lieve,) which induced the whole of the  
family to try their fortune also in this  
State. Dick also returned to this state;  
he did not do so well as at first, and re-  
turned to Wisconsin last winter. Jim  
and Eliza are now at the mines; they  
have not been very fortunate up to this  
time, but they will (he thinks) make  
their pile this summer in a river claim.  
Tom has been keeping tavern, and says  
he has done well, and can now live  
comfortably for the remainder of his  
life, by a prudent use of what he has.  
I asked him how much he had made,  
and he answered in the broad term, "a  
few thousands." I do not doubt but  
what he has made money, and consider-  
able too, at the contemptible business  
—but respectable enough in the esti-  
mation of the majority of mankind here.  
He was respectfully clad, and among  
respectable people—indeed I met him  
at the church door. He was well and  
looking well, a great deal heavier than  
when in D—, quite a portly person-  
age—indeed, would make quite a fine  
looking officer for her Majesty the  
Queen of Great Britain and Ireland,  
now. But I must say, Tom is a clever  
fellow. There is no better evidence of  
that than the kind manner in which he  
treats his mother in her old age. He  
left here on the first of June.

Hon. Messrs Gwin and McCorkle,  
our late Congressmen, (characteristic of  
our politicians generally,) attended one  
of our Sunday horse races a few Sun-  
days since, and there made up their  
minds, (or so far lost the equilibrium of  
their minds,) to agree to fight a duel—  
They fought it—but no one was hurt.  
Since then, several, stimulated perhaps  
to some extent by the conduct of the  
honorable (?) have followed their exam-  
ple, but some of them have come off  
not quite so favorably. One is dead and  
another wounded pretty badly, and I  
am sure I should not cry if they were  
all dead—for, in my opinion every sur-  
vivor ought to be hung for murder in  
the first degree.

Yours affectionately, J. R. S.

## LATE FROM BURMAH.

Extract from a letter written by  
Rev. E. Kincaid, Missionary to Bur-  
mah, to Rev. J. H. Kennard, of Phil-  
adelphia.

March 21. Spent all the forenoon  
on shore reading and preaching to  
listening multitudes. Listened also  
to their tales of suffering during the  
past five months. And now the rainy  
season is near and one hundred thou-  
sand inhabitants without houses. But  
the intelligence of Myat Toon's over-  
throw is hailed with universal joy.  
About noon two steamers arrived  
from Rangoon and soon after the steam-  
er Judas from Rangoon, having Mr.  
Phayso on board who expects to meet  
Commissioners from Ava to sign a  
treaty. I have little expectation,  
however, that the Court of Ava will  
come to terms. The king and his  
Court will probably abandon Ava  
and retire to Mokesabo, a large for-  
tified city, fifty miles west of Ava. I  
give this merely as an opinion.

I was about proceeding to Rangoon  
this evening, in a small boat sent  
down with the mail, but Commodore  
Lambert requested me to go in a  
steamer which will take down the  
wounded officers and men.

March 22d. At the mouth of the  
Pantanau river, forty miles below  
Danabae. We anchored here about  
9 o'clock in the morning, and it was  
2 o'clock, P. M., when a steamer  
came in sight, bringing the wounded  
from the field of battle. Soon we  
were lashed together and seventy-six  
wounded men and two officers were  
brought and laid on our deck.—Ev-  
erything was done that kindness and  
medical skill could do. As soon as  
the transfer was made we were off.  
Fancy if you can the scene of suffer-  
ing and misery on our deck.—Seventy-  
six wounded men—bullets through  
the body, legs, arms—a few with  
three shots. Some of them very  
young men. One officer was grey-  
headed and dangerously wounded.  
Six or seven of the men could not  
hope to recover. I said and did what  
I could under the circumstances.

About midnight one died of cholera.  
At 8 o'clock in the morning, March  
23d, two others died of cholera. At  
2 o'clock, P. M., another died of chol-  
era—three funerals and four men  
committed to the deep within fifteen  
hours. About midnight one more  
died of cholera, and an hour after, the  
funeral.

March 24th. We reached Ran-  
goon a little after noon—two men  
with every indication of cholera.

This is a very brief outline of my  
labors and what I have seen the last  
week.

## DANGER FROM LIGHTNING.

Q. Why does lightning sometimes  
kill men and beasts?

A. Because, when the electric cur-  
rent passes through a man or beast, it  
produces so violent an action on the  
nerves, that it destroys life.

Q. When is a person struck dead by  
lightning?

A. Only when his body forms a part  
of the lightning's path, that is, when  
the electric fluid (in its way to the earth)  
actually passes through his body.

Q. Why are persons sometimes  
maimed by lightning?

A. Because the electric fluid produ-  
ces an action upon the nerves sufficient  
to injure them, but not to destroy life.

Q. Lightning sometimes assumes the  
appearance of balls of fire which fall  
to the earth, what are they?

A. Masses of explosive gas formed  
in the air; they generally move more  
slowly than lightning.

Q. Why are these balls of fire so  
very dangerous?

A. Because when they fall they ex-  
plode like a cannon; and occasion  
much mischief.

Q. Do these balls of fire ever run a-  
long the ground?

A. Yes; sometimes they run a con-  
siderable distance along the ground, and  
explode in a mass.

At other times they split into num-  
erous smaller balls, each of which ex-  
plodes in a similar manner.

Q. What mischief do these balls of  
fire produce?

A. They set fire to houses and barns,  
and kill all cattle and human beings  
which happen to be in their course.

Q. What places are most dangerous  
during a thunder storm?

A. It is very dangerous to be near a  
tree, or lofty building; and also to be  
near a river, or any running water.

Q. Why is it dangerous to be near a  
tree or lofty building during a thunder  
storm?

A. Because a tall pointed object (like  
a tree or spire) will frequently discharge  
a lightning-cloud, and if any one was  
standing near, the lightning might di-  
verge from the tree, and pass through  
the fluids of the human body.

Q. How can a tree or spire discharge  
a lightning-cloud?

A. A lightning-cloud (floating over  
a plain) may be too far off to be dis-  
charged by it; but as a tree or spire  
would shorten this distance, it might  
not be too far off to be discharged.

For example: If a lightning-cloud  
were 700 yards above the earth, it  
would be too far off to be discharged;  
but a tree or spire 50 yards high would  
make the cloud only 650 yards off a  
conductor; in consequence of which,  
the cloud would be instantly discharg-  
ed.

Q. Why is it dangerous to be near a  
deep river, or any other running water  
during a thunder storm?

A. Because running water is a good  
conductor; and lightning always takes  
in its course the best conductor.

Q. Why is it dangerous for a man to  
be near water in a thunder storm?

A. Because the height of a man may  
be sufficient to discharge the cloud; and  
(if there were no taller object nigh) the  
lightning might take the man as con-  
ductor to the water.

Q. Why is it dangerous to ring  
church bells during a thunder storm?

A. For two reasons: 1st. Because  
the steeple may discharge the lightning  
cloud merely from its height, and

2d. As the swinging of the bells put  
the air in motion, it diminishes its re-  
sistance to the electric fluid.

Q. Why is it unsafe to run or drive  
fast during a thunder storm?

A. Because it produces a current of  
air; and, as air in motion affords less  
resistance to the flash, it is a better con-  
ductor than air in a state of rest.

Q. What parts of a dwelling are  
most dangerous during a thunder storm?

A. The fire-place, especially if the  
fire be lighted; the attics and the cel-  
lar. It is also imprudent to sit by the  
walls, to ring the bell, or to bar shutters  
during a thunder storm.

Q. Why is it dangerous to sit before  
a fire during a thunder storm?

A. Because the heated air and soot  
are conductors of lightning, especially  
when connected with such excellent  
conductors as the stove, grate, or fire-  
arms.

Q. Why are the attics and cellars  
more dangerous in a thunder storm than  
the middle story of a house?

A. Because lightning sometimes pas-  
ses from the clouds to the earth, and  
sometimes from the earth to the clouds;  
in either case the middle story would  
be the safest place.

Q. Why is it dangerous to lean a-  
gainst a wall during a thunder storm?

A. Because the electric fluid will  
sometimes run down a wall; and as a  
man is a better conductor than a wall,  
would leave the wall and run down the  
man.

Q. Why is it dangerous to ring a bell  
during a thunder storm?

A. Bell-wire is an excellent conduc-  
tor, and if a person was to touch the  
bell handle, the electric fluid, passing  
down the wire, might run through his  
hand and injure it.

## CHARACTER OF PAUL.

A great many persons have ideas  
of Paul and of his letters that are  
too official. We need an effort to  
rise to the true standing of that man  
in the human race, and of those let-  
ters in the literature of the ages. We  
want our whole mental being impreg-  
nated with the life-giving thoughts  
and the never dying impulses of this  
self-sacrificing man, who, without set-  
ting up as either saint or hero, was  
more than over priests imagined in  
the sanctity of the one, or poets in the  
glory of the other. What views of  
holiness had he who went from the  
workshop of the tent-maker to the  
perils of the deep; from the midnight  
song in prison, after scourging, which  
awoke the virtuous indignation of the  
Roman citizen, to preaching of heav-  
enly glad tidings to his jailer; from  
the sorrow provoked by the brilliant  
idolatries of Athens to the exhibition  
of the living God among the contem-  
ptuous philosophers on the Mars Hill;  
from comforting the frightened heath-  
en mariners, who, for his sake, and  
by his direction, were saved from  
shipwreck, to the terrible solitude of  
standing without a friend before the  
imperial "lion" at Rome? And  
what deemed he of heroism, to whom  
all honors, gains, privileges and tri-  
umphs were less than nothing, and  
baser than filth, compared with teach-  
ing the ignorant the way to everlast-  
ing life with God? This was indeed  
a man, and only a man; a man who  
believed what all Christians hope  
they believe; a believing man, who  
did simply what his conscience told  
him he ought to do, what his heart  
prompted, what his Master willed,  
and what the world needed without  
knowing it. With such a man we  
cannot have too much to do. The  
tempted to worship him; never-  
theless, the calmer and more practical  
will be our desire to be like him in  
what he believed for the guidance of  
his soul, and in what he was, as the  
beloved physician has painted him  
and as his own letters have revealed  
him.

A beautiful Prayer.—Lord, bless  
and preserve that dear person whom  
thou hast chosen to be my husband;  
let his life be long and blessed, com-  
fortable and holy, and let me also be  
a great blessing and comfort unto him,  
a sharer in all his joys, a refreshment  
in all his sorrows, a most helper for  
him in all the accidents and chances  
of the world; make me amiable for-  
ever in his eyes, and very dear to him.  
Unite his heart to me in the dearest  
union of love and holiness, and mine  
to him in all sweetness, charity and  
compliance. Keep me from all un-  
gentleness, all discontentedness, and  
unreasonableness of passion and hu-  
mor; and make me humble and obe-  
dient, useful and observant, that we  
may delight in each other according  
to thy blessed word and ordinance,  
and both of us may rejoice in thee;  
having our portion in the love and  
service of God forever.—Basil Mon-  
tague.

## ITEMS OF NEWS.

Dr. Robert Butler, Treasurer of  
the Commonwealth, died suddenly, on  
Thursday evening, at his residence in  
this city. His body was conveyed by  
his friends on the steamer to Smithfield,  
on Saturday morning. He was highly  
esteemed by an extensive circle of  
friends for his many virtues.—Rich-  
mond Rel. Her.

John Parker, the newly appointed  
Postmaster at Williamsport, Md., died  
of cholera on the day previous to the  
one fixed upon for entering upon the  
duties of that office.

Dr. Hines, convicted in Georgia a  
year since, of opening a letter taken  
from the post office, has been pardon-  
ed by President Pierce.

A Stato Temperance Convention  
in Louisiana has reported in favor of  
the total prohibition of intoxicating li-  
quors in that State.

Elder William Shadrach has  
accepted the appointment of Corres-  
ponding Secretary of the American Baptist  
Publication Society.

The potato rot, it has been discov-  
ered in Russia, is prevented by dry-  
ing the potato thoroughly before  
planting it.

In Great Britain there are still  
three thousand human beings buried  
alive in "religious houses."

Mr. Barnum is lecturing on tempe-  
rance at Cleveland, Ohio, where he is  
about to open a museum.

## NO TUNING DURING SERVICE.

The following anecdote, from the  
New Hampshire Telegraph, is too  
good to be lost:

Many years ago there was in the east-  
ern part of Massachusetts, a worthy  
D. D., and although he was an emi-  
nently benevolent man and a good  
christian, yet it must be confessed  
that he loved a joke much better than  
even the most inveterate jokers. It  
was before church organs were much  
in use; it so happened that the choir  
of the church had recently purchased  
a double bass viol. Not far from the  
church was a large pasture, and in it  
a huge town bull. One hot Sabbath  
in the summer he got out of the pas-  
ture, and came bellowing up the  
street. About the church there was  
plenty of untrodden grass, green and  
good, and Mr. Bull stopped to try  
the quality; perchance to ascertain if  
its location had improved its flavor;  
at any rate the doctor was in the midst  
of his sermon, when—

"Boo-woo-woo," went the bull.

The doctor paused, looked up at  
the singing seats, and with a grave  
face, said:

"I would thank the musicians not  
to tune their instruments during ser-  
vice time, it annoys me very much."